

What in the Freak Just Happened

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Summary: Thirteen first kisses. Ever wonder how Clark felt about them? (All canon, with a bit of Clois thrown in for funzies)

## 1. A Bit of a Preamble

\_You're hopeless, Smallville!\_

Yeah, well.

It's not like he sits around thinking about all the girls that he's kissed.

Or, as it turns out, all the girls that have kissed him.

It's really quite ridiculous; considering all the time he spent brooding wondering if he would end up alone, one would never guess that girls were basically lining up to jump him.

He never guessed.

It's a little embarrassing; of all his first kisses, he can only think of one time that he initiated it. He'd thought surely, as bashful as he was as a teenager, he had stepped up and made the first move more than once?

Looking back-apparently not. (Technically.)

Oh well.

## 2. Kiss 1: Chloe

He honestly didn't see it coming.

Tales of the Weird & Unexplained rested on the table, freshly

swiped from the library (he'd left money).

His telescope sat next to the window, pointed up at the sky (and not Lana's house).

Their jackets lay on the couch, getting dirty because he still hadn't cleaned the loft yet (whoops).

A wind blew; the chimes tinkled; a floorboard creaked.

And Chloe, a girl he had only met that morning, pressed her lips against his.

He froze; all trains of thought were completely and immediately derailed.

Before he could even process that he was being kissed(!), it ended. She stepped back.

He felt his mouth fall right open in shock.

Mortified, he snapped it shut to keep his fishlike qualities to a minimum; that was about the extent of his brainpower in that moment, though.

She smiled slightly, looking both a little mischievous and a little shy. "I know you've been thinking about that all day, so let's get it over with and be friends."

Shrugging, she turned away to pick up Tales of the Weird & Unexplained.

He blinked at her words, even after she flounced down the steps for some of his mom's cookies.

Funny thing was, he hadn't been thinking about it.

At least, not beforehand.

What just happened?

### 3. Kiss 2: Lana

So I don't know if I'm supposed to mention this, but I've pulled all the dialogue for these scenes from the episodes of the show that they're in. Kay! Onward to story now.

\* \* \*

><p>Something suspicious was going on.</p>

Lana Lang did not do things like ditch class to sneak into-the pool?-with Clark Kent.

"Um, what are we doing here?"

She let go of his hand, flouncing over to the edge of the diving board. "It's quiet."

At least, he didn't think so?

He tried to sound reasonable. "It's also completelyâ€|"

She started unzipping her boots painstakingly slowly, staring \_right at him \_as she did it. He wasn't an expert, but that seemed...flirty. What was he saying again?

"...off limits."

As she swung herself onto the diving board, bare feet and legs in all their glory, he started to feel both disappointed and relieved that she left him far away. He tried to make his eyes focus on the wall, but they kept flicking back to her.

"Uh, Lana, I don't think I'm really up for this."

She began unbuckling her belt. "You think too much, Clark." The long accessory slid off her skirt easily, and she tossed it next to her discarded boots.

Scratch that, she was \_definitely \_flirting. But why?

His eyebrows raised of their own volition, though he tried not to be affected. \_Something's wrong. \_

"Right now, I'm thinking you don't seem like yourself," he said, feeling his voice get smaller.

She cocked her head, seemingly contemplative, even as she slipped her skirt down her legs. "Or maybeâ€|"

She kicked the \_very \_small article of clothing at him.

"I'm more me than ever."

He caught it, transfixed and freaked out for a second.

\_Pull it together, Clark!\_

He dropped it like it was on fire. "Lana! This is crazy."

She raised her arms, preparing to dive. "Why? If life doesn't make you crazy, then why bother living it?" Dropping them, she shrugged innocently at him. "I know that's how I want it."

Her hands reached down and drew up her shirt, slowly pulling it over her head. She cast it at her growing pile of clothes. The only things left on her now were her...well...

He felt his mouth go dry.

"The question is, do you want what I want?"

He gulped. \_She's not herself, she's not herself, she's not-\_

She jumped into the pool with an impressive, cheerleader-like backflip.

The grin snuck up on him. "Lana!"

She swam around for a bit, eventually coming to tread water right in front of him. "Don't you want to come in, Clark?" Her voice was a little breathless.

He couldn't help but be awed...and a little freaked out.

\_What's going on with her?\_

"I-I don't think so." It sounded halfhearted, even to him.

Lana climbed out of the pool, not taking her eyes off him. Her gaze felt predatory as she sauntered over; he quelled the urge to step back, instead letting her invade his personal space.

"I know you want me, Clark." He looked at his shoes. She was very close. And not very dressed.

"Stop holding back," she said, running a dripping hand behind his ear. Why was he resisting again?

"Come on. You're not made of steel," she whispered, drawing his face down to hers. "\_Or are you?\_"

At that, he was a goner. He couldn't find it in himself to protest as she closed the gap between their lips.

Holy crap, he was kissing \_Lana Lang.\_

And it wasn't just a peck, either.

When he was tentative, she took the lead, stepping closer and deepening the embrace. It felt \_amazing. \_Weren't first kisses supposed to be awkward or gross? This wasn't.

He wanted to stand there forever, kissing her, skipping class, forgetting Whitney-

\_Whitney. \_

What was he doing?

He broke apart from her. "Wait."

She took a second to catch her breath, then smiled at him. Something was off about it... "Aren't you tired of waiting?"

\_Warning. Warning. \_Alarm bells rang in his head.

He put his foot back, only to find there \_was\_ no back\_- \_only pool.

Lana laughed cruelly at his imbalance, poking him. It was enough to push him into the water; he fell with a splash. "Need a little help warming up?"

She laughed at his wet form a little more, until she heard the sound of a door opening.

His "friend" didn't even look back as she grabbed her stuff and

scampered out of the room.

Unfortunately for him, he was too disoriented to realize what was going on until a teacher loomed over him. As he treaded water, fully clothed, an adult yelling at him to get out this instant, all he could think was:

How did I even get here?

End  
file.